

## A CUTE LITTLE MAN.

HAPPY CHANCE ENABLED HIM TO FOIL THE ROAD AGENTS.

He kept his own counsel until the journey ended and then saved his neck by explaining the old lady with money in her shoe had to give up.

"One day in 1879," said an old stage driver to a newspaper man, "the Black Hills coach left Cheyenne for Deadwood with eight passengers—seven were men, one was a woman. As they journeyed toward Deadwood they conversed among themselves. Each expressed different opinions as to the probability of a hold-up. Some said they would hide money under the cushions, others would surrender what bills or gold they might possess, while two or three men exhibited revolvers and vowed that they would make resistance. The woman said she had only \$100 in the world. She had come out west to make a living by keeping a restaurant in the mining camps and had done very well until a fire destroyed her property and her investment. She was going back to her son in New England to spend the remainder of her days upon the farm. The safest place imaginable, in her opinion, was the sole of her left foot, and she had accordingly placed two \$50 bills inside her shoe.

"There was a small man seated in the corner next to the driver. His hat was pulled well over his eyes, and he kept constantly in his lap a small black valise. He took no part in the conversation, and it was not long until the passengers, who received rather curt responses to such questions as they addressed to him, began to regard his actions with suspicion.

"Well, the coach rolled on toward Deadwood. Next morning toward 9 o'clock the expected robbers appeared. The messenger was shot and slightly wounded, the horses were held and both driver and messenger compelled to dismount and put up their hands. The passengers were ordered out of the coach, and it is needless to say that they obeyed with alacrity. The three men who were to resist the robbers were saved by the presence of several large revolvers thrust in their faces that they gave up their treasures with little remonstrance. Said one of the robbers, 'It's agin our rules to bother women, so, old girl, we won't search you.' While two of the desperados went through the pockets of the men another happened to see the small man in the corner. 'Hello,' said he, 'here's one in the coach. Come out of there.' The man appeared, but without his little black valise. He was very poorly dressed, thin, pale and affected by a hacking cough. Said he: 'Boys, I ain't got much—only a few dollars. I am going back east to die. If you take what little I got, I won't have no money to get meals. My railroad ticket ain't

good to you. If you will let me alone, I will tell you where you can get \$100."

"At this the poor old woman turned pale and some of the passengers began to mutter.

"All right," said the spokesman of the bandits, "we'll search you, and if you ain't lying we'll let you go if you'll tell us where we can get that \$100."

"So they searched him and found \$7 or \$8 in silver in his pockets, which they let him keep.

"Now," said the consumptive-looking man, "if you'll make this old woman take off her left shoe, you will find next to the sole two \$50 bills."

"The robbers compelled the old woman to loosen her shoe and found the money. Upon this they took their departure, the passengers mounted the coach, and the journey toward Deadwood was resumed.

"Scarcely had they entered when a torrent of abuse was poured upon the small man. 'You villain,' said one, 'you ought to be hung.' One of the men called to the driver to stop. The man in the corner was dragged out of the coach, and the excited passengers were about to string him up to the nearest tree.

"One minute—just one minute!" pleaded he. "It is only 10 or 12 miles to the next station, and it is customary in this country to give a man a little show for his life. I beg of you just go that far, and if I can't properly explain you can hang me."

"The driver told the passengers that the men at the station would not interfere if the suspect could not make a proper defense, so they all re-entered the coach and proceeded upon their journey. There was little said during the next hour and a half. The man was closely watched by the male passengers, and escape for him was impossible.

"As the buildings of the station came into view upon the coach suddenly swinging around a bend in the road the small man brightened up considerably.

"Now," said he, "I will tell you. We are perfectly safe here, as this end of the line is free from robbers. I have \$25,000 in my grip, and the only way that I could save it was by diverting the attention of the robbers to some one in the party. Unfortunately that one had to be the lady. That is why I have kept my own counsel during the journey."

"As the coach rolled up in front of the postoffice he opened his valise, presented the old lady with six \$20 bills and in addition gave each of the other passengers sufficient money to cover his expenses to Deadwood."—San Francisco Examiner.

On the High Seas.

Steward—Did you ring, sir?

Passenger—Yes, I—rang, waiter.

Steward—Can I get you anything?

Passenger—Yes, waiter. Bring me some terra firma, or at least—an island—bring me something solid—no sea-matter what it is. If you can't do that—then scut-scuttle the ship!—Amsterdammer.

## "THEM WAS HIS SENTIMENTS."

And the Old Unreconstructed Confederate Took Pains to Make Them Known.

Very many of the early settlers of Montana were natives of Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas and the border states of the war. They came by the Missouri river to Fort Benton or by coach from Omaha and for many years were in the majority at elections, when they held the flag of Democracy to the masthead.

The result of this immigration was a strong sentiment for the confederacy in the early days, and in 1873, when General Phil Sheridan and staff made an official visit to the northwestern posts, the sentiment had not disappeared. Helena, Mont., was just emerging from the garb of a mining camp, but a few enterprising citizens with ex-Governor Hauser at the head determined to give a fitting reception to the visitors. A delegation met Sheridan and his party in a stagecoach several miles from the town and escorted them to the leading hotel. On the following afternoon a banquet was given in the First National bank, located then in the present gambling district.

The menu consisted mostly of canned goods, jack rabbit meat and fresh game, because the town was remote from civilization. There was, however, plenty of champagne, since that wine is usually found in mining camps even when nothing in the way of food is left but flour. The gathering was very democratic. Everybody in town was invited to see "Little Phil," though there was much grumbling among the unreconstructed Confederates over the display made for a Union general. There were lawyers and mining camp politicians mingled with gamblers, miners and ex-road agents, many of whom wore six shooters at their belts. Among them was one old-time Confederate soldier, who had turned his talents from the chivalry of war to dealing "bank." He was restless and uncomfortable during the feast, and when the toasts began this restlessness increased. His face darkened and his eyes flamed with anger as various toasts were given to the United States, the president of the United States and the army of the United States.

Finally he could stand it no longer. He arose with a wineglass in one hand and a six shooter in the other, and in a voice hoarse with rage shouted:

"Here's to all mankind, so that no d—d fool will be overlooked."

With that he dashed the wineglass on the floor and emptied the six shooter into the ceiling so that the room was filled with smoke. The guests reached for their revolvers, but the gambler, with a look of contempt, returned his "gun" to his pocket and walked out.

General Sheridan afterward said that it was one of the most dramatic and suggestive scenes in all his experience.

New York Sun.

The Man Who Tired Carlyle.

There is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell in his broad Scotch of a young friend who had had him in charge for walks, and who while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him. "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom." The boredom had consisted solely in the rather negative sin of not having been convinced of the truth of one of Carlyle's dogmas, a sin all the more heinous because, instead of standing boldly up to Carlyle and declaring his doctrine utterly perverse, the companion had betrayed his weakness by an apologetic tone.

Now, Carlyle liked disciples, and he respected antagonists, but he could not endure being merely thwarted without being thoroughly routed. He felt in that case that he had made no impression at all on his interlocutor; that he had neither won him nor excited him to resistance. And nothing bored him so much as that. Of course it is only exceptionally despotic minds that are bored in this way.—London Spectator.

A Clever Girl's Trick.

Some of the enormous bunches of violets on the corsage of the Lenten girl will bear studying. She has learned a trick or two which preserve appearances and shillings at the same time. The artificial violets are a wonderful imitation of the real ones. It takes more than a passing glance to detect the difference between them; but, as made-moiselle well knows, there is no counterfeiting the fresh delicate perfume of the real flower. So the clever creature buys every day a 10-cent bunch of nature's production, which she judiciously intersperses through a large cluster of the handiwork of art. The little leaven of fragrance is sufficient, and by this simple and ingenious means is secured a maximum of effect at a minimum of expenditure.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

An International Women's Congress.

The Hon. Ettore Socci, a member of the Italian parliament, through the pages of The Humanitarian asks if it would not be possible to hold an international women's congress in Rome in 1895 in order to give prominence to the women's movement, which is spreading its ramifications throughout the world. He is an ardent advocate of the movement. The emancipation and higher education of women, he declares, would not destroy in her the feeling of wife and mother, and still less would it undermine family life.

A Sympathetic Burglar.

A Marshall-county (Ala.) man discovered a burglar in his room one night. He watched the man ransack every drawer and trunk in the house, knowing that he would find nothing. Then, when the disappointed burglar was about to depart, he called to him and asked him to lend him a dollar. The burglar, though taken by surprise, threw him a dollar and left the house.

Philadelphia Ledger.

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

If I were a poor little tipple infatigable, I think that of all kind fates it would seem the best to rest Round the slender white throat of sweet Marie. Ah, me!

I would bend caressingly to her will Until She'd lean her cheek tenderly down on me. Marie, You'd waste such joy on a poor little mink. I think.

—M. D. Hatch in New York Sun.

Tyndall's Imagination.

This instructive imagination—for we are not concerned with mere reminiscence imagination—here resulting in the creations of the poet and there in the discoveries of the man of science, is the highest of human faculties. With this faculty Professor Tyndall was largely endowed. In common with successful investigators in general, he displayed it in forming true conceptions of physical processes previously misinterpreted or uninterpreted, and again in conceiving modes by which the actual relations of the phenomena could be demonstrated, and again in devising fit appliances to this end. But to a much greater extent than usual he displayed constructive imagination in other fields.

He was an excellent expositor, and good exposition implies much constructive imagination. A prerequisite is the forming of true ideas of the mental states of those who are to be taught, and a further prerequisite is the imagining of methods by which, beginning with conceptions they possess, there may be built up in their minds the conceptions they do not possess. Of constructive imagination as displayed in this sphere men at large appear to be almost devoid, as witness the absurd systems of teaching which in past times, and in large measure at present, have stupefied and still stupefy children by presenting abstract ideas before they have any concrete ideas from which they can be drawn. Whether as lecturer or writer, Professor Tyndall carefully avoided this vicious practice.—Herbert Spencer in McClure's Magazine.

Smokeless Fireplaces.

Next to the man who invented or discovered fire, the greatest benefactor of the human race will be the man who abolishes smoke. Nothing else will so change the conditions of life in our great cities. Without saying that this result is already at hand, a great step toward it is made by the new invention in fireplaces. By this system a fire can undoubtedly be produced without smoke, and though at present a special fireplace must be employed for the purpose there is no reason why every one who hereafter fits up a kitchen range or a furnace should not have a smokeless one. I expect to see the time when every household as well as every manufacturing establishment will be compelled to consume his own smoke. In the meantime, however, there is the strongest inducement, short of compulsion, for doing so, for the system, like all which are based on perfecting the combustion of the fuel, gives a largely increased heat for a reduced consumption of coal.—London Truth.

Our Language.

The little leaflet called "Our Language" is still engaged in promoting the reform of spelling. Its scheme of a "digraf alphabet" is very well illustrated in the following extract:

Bai a fonetik alfabet a chailld mei bai toat dhi aart ov ridding—not floucti, but wel—boeth in fonetick and in cardineiri books, in thrii months, ai oft in twenti aarz ov thuroe instrukschun—a taask hwich iz raerti akomplish in thrii yiaaz ov toil bai dhi peid alfabet. Hwot faadhuar oar tichner wil nit gladii heil and uarnestli wuark foar dhis greit buun too edyueikeishun—dhis paarfuoel maashin foar dhi difuzhun ov noleij? Dhis paraagraf kontein oal dhi saundz in dhi Ingglisch langgueij.—New York Tribune.

Plucky Mrs. Bishop.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the distinguished traveler who has started upon another journey, although she is now 60 years old, is at present crossing this country on her way to Vancouver, whence she is to sail for Japan. Whether she goes farther will depend upon her health. She owns a pretty cottage in Scotland, and there she spent last summer and autumn in thoroughly mastering the technique of photography in preparation for her journey. She will now be able to illustrate her own books.—Woman and Home.

A Decided Disadvantage.

Teacher—Now do you see the difference between animal instinct and human reason? Bright Boy—Yes'm. If I had instinct, we'd know everything, we need not to without learning it, but we've got reason and have to study ourselves most blind or be a fool.—Good News.

A single match requires from one two-hundredths to one one-hundredth of a grain of phosphorus for its production, yet the consumption of matches is so large that it is estimated that the total of 1,200 tons is less than the amount consumed in Europe in their manufacture.

The title colonel comes from the word almost the same in several languages, signifying a column. The colonel was so called because he led or commanded the column.

With the exception of the Indians two languages furnish the keys to missionary work in South America—Portuguese to Brazil and Spanish to all the other republics.

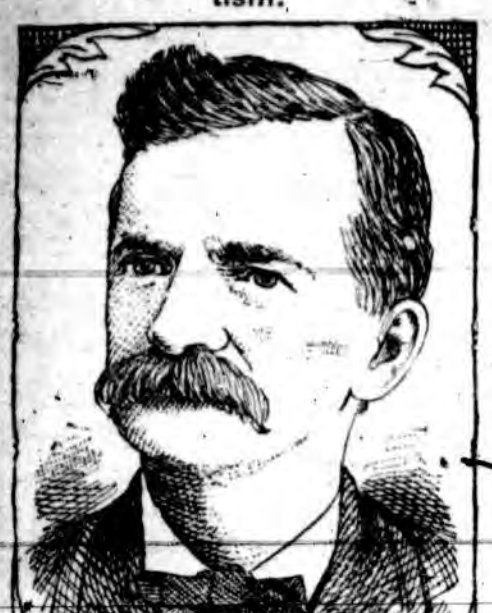
As a leaper the kangaroo is ahead of all. It readily jumps from 60 to 70 feet. A horse has jumped 37 feet and a man 25 feet 6½ inches.

The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish and declares all fishing for it by night to be poaching.

## An Esteemed Pastor.

Found Cure in Hood's After Other Medicines Failed

After the Grip—Muscular Rheumatism.



Rev. C. W. Clapham

The following comes voluntarily from a highly esteemed clergyman of the M. E. church, pastor of the Church Creek circuit in Dorchester County, Maryland:

"C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I feel it a duty to the public to send this certificate: I saw in a Philadelphia paper a letter from a man who had suffered from

Muscular Rheumatism

and had been restored by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had the grip in the winter of '91 and '92 so severely that it deprived me of the use of my arms so that my wife had to dress and undress me, and when away from home I had to sleep in my clothes. I tried five doctors and not one accomplished anything. Then I saw the letter alluded to and determined to try

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla

CURES

Hood's. Before I had taken one bottle I had

the use of my arms, thank God. These are

facts and can be verified by many persons here.

J. M. Colston, Church Creek, supplied me with

Hood's. I am pastor of the M. E. church here."

C. W. CLAPHAM, Church Creek, Maryland.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other instead.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation,

biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

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Ladies' Dongola Kid, button, cloth top,

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\$2.47

Ladies' Brown and Tan Goat, Bluecher

lace shoes, for early spring wear, hand-

sewed welts,

\$2.47 and \$2.97

Ladies' Fine Vici Kid, button, Phila-

delphia toe, wakenphast lasts, patent-

leather tip, hand-sewed welts, just ar-

rived,

\$2.97

Ladies' Vici Kid Oxford Ties, patent

tip, opera, Philadelphia toe, tip and

common sense, plain,

\$1.97

Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Oxford Ties,

cloth top, and Bluecher cut, hand-sewed

turns,

\$2.47 and 2.97

Misses' Cloth Top, spring heel, button,

patent-leather tips, Goodyear welts,

1.98

Youths' Fine Calf Lace Shoes, hand-

sewed welts; good make,

2.47

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